

FREE LUNCH BAN IS CAUSE OF TRAGEDY

"Help Yourself" Sign Replaced by Section of Bill of Fare.

CITIZEN VOICES SENTIMENT

Toothsome Blutwurst and Sauerkraut Gone—Crackers and Cheese Alternative.

"Bitte, ein glas Bier." The old man fumbled in his pocket, produced a nickel, placed it on the bar, then mechanically faced about and moved toward the back of the room.

Suddenly he halted.

"Himmel," he interjected, "was ist das?"

"Smatter?" queried the gentleman all in white, with the Kaiserlich mustache.

"Der lonsch. Der lonsch! Wo ist das?"

It was almost a moan. There was tragedy in his manner as the old man looked from the bartender to the newly painted sign on the wall.

As it used to be. Formerly there had been a little old sign in German script, simple, inviting, sufficient—"Hilfen Sie."

And, under the sign in toothsome array, a variety of items with which to satisfy the inner man.

There should have been there blutwurst, succulent, soft and full of rare bits of fat; there should have been the sour dill pickle with which to offset it; the sauerkraut, the wiener, in thin slices, just fine to fold over it one slice of that rye bread; the little pickled minnows that tickle the tongue with their tails.

And now what?

Gene Are The Happy Days. Covering the old German script a newly painted sign: "Hot Dog Sandwiches, 5 Cents." And a hand which pointed somewhere to the right.

The old man's eyes followed the direction of the accusing index finger to a neat pile of bread, rye and white, and behind it a near-Nubian who smiled and bowed and said, "Yassah," with upward inflection.

For a moment the old man stood, seeming dazed. Then he fumbled a moment in his pocket, slowly shook his head, and started, shoulders drooping, toward the door.

"Ye didn't get yer beer," the bartender reminded him.

Change Is Heartbreaking. Slowly the old man wheeled. The face he turned upon the man in white was a study in anger, sorrow, disgust, even despair. And these sentiments and more—finally—he expressed as he threw back his shoulders.

"No," he fairly shouted, and disappeared through the swinging doors.

The Excise Board has proclaimed war on the free lunch. Not an actual ban, but a recommendation to all the saloon keepers in the city to discontinue the practice of giving away foods with drinks.

Cause For Mourning.

And there is mourning in Washington. The established institution of free lunch has been the joy to the clerk and the business man who want "just a little snack" and a hot sandwich at the noon hour. And still the greater mourning is there among the hundreds, who, according to the saloonkeepers, have depended in a measure on the kindly offices of the handout for their daily meals.

Comply With Regulations.

Saloon owners everywhere have shown a disposition to comply immediately with the recommendations of the board. Many of the bars have substituted for the steam table a row of dishes containing all the meager lunch that the board considers legitimate: crackers, ginger cookies, cheese, and olives. Others have made the lunch counter into a miniature restaurant.

Among the other rules of the board effective today are the ban on credit and the sale of beer in the old-time "growler." Beer in wholesale establishments may be sold only in sealed (crowned) bottles.

Is Against Drinks On House.

The Excise Board practices the discontinuance of the practice of treating by employees, and the cashing of checks or vouchers for laborers, pensioners, soldiers, sailors, and marines. The ruling laid down as to the sale of 6-cent liquor has hit several places in the poorer neighborhoods, according to the saloonkeepers, but the full effect of the order will not be known for several days.

ST. JOHN'S STARTS TERM

Increased Military Activities Will Be Inaugurated.

The midyear term of St. John's College will start tomorrow. Because of the amount of work to be covered, both summer and winter recesses have been shorter than in previous years.

Plans for increased military activities are now complete, and will be put into operation immediately upon the return of the students. An association, known as the St. John's College Rifle Club, and affiliated with the National Rifle Association of America, has been organized to stimulate expert rifle work among the student corps.

The field and staff officers of the battalion are: Senior captain W. A. Ahern; adjutant, J. Fitzgerald; sergeant major, J. Walsh; trumpeter sergeant, J. Ruppert; color sergeant, E. McCarthy.

Capt. Oliver Snyder, U. S. A., is military science at the college, and is assisted by Quartermaster sergeant B. Goldblatt, U. S. A.

OYSTER DEALER ROBBED.

George W. Martin, oyster dealer at 2327 M street northwest, told the police today his place was entered during the night by forcing a rear window and as in change stolen from the cash register.

LAWSON, OF FRENZIED FINANCE FAME, IS A MANY-SIDED MAN

Has Made, Lost, and Remade Fortunes Without Losing His Smile—Has Time for Many Curious Fads.

The first citizen of Scituate, who lives down by Egypt Station, (Egypt, Massachusetts, that is), where miles and miles of white fence is all overgrown with crimson ramblers in the springtime, isn't quite sure yet whether he came to Washington all for a joke, or not, though a good time is being had, and he doesn't regret the trip.

"The joke, though, mind you," he added grimly, "isn't on me, either way. If they take me seriously, I'll tell 'em a few things. If they don't, well it won't take more than a month or six weeks for certain things to happen."

"Then they'll be saying, 'Maybe that fellow knew what he was talking about.' And maybe they'll be sending for me again."

Yes, It's "Tom" Lawson.

Yes, it is Thomas W. Lawson we're talking about—Lawson the supposed fire eater, the apostle of frenzied finance, the man who made a fortune at sixteen, and lost it and then made another and kept on increasing it, the Monte Cristo of New England.

But on this New Year call he seemed much more interested in those crimson ramblers, and in that prize bull that cleaned up all the prizes in sight at the New York State fair, the Dreamworld butter that took more prizes than any other at the Springfield State Fair Show, and in his collection of elephants.

The Shoreham register showed his valet, and his daughter, and his maid, and his secretary. But where was the dashing, dominant, ruthless capitalist of finance, he of the bespeckled vests and brilliant ties that the Sunday supplements show?

"Simple" Black Pearls.

The Thomas W. Lawson that the interviewer found was distinctive enough, a commanding figure in any company, with carefully brushed hair, a black tie, an unobtrusive black business suit, a white flower in his buttonhole, shaggy eyebrows, a well-knit figure, with a big, deep chest, bull-headed, and a pair of whimsical gray-green eyes.

"I did, and I kept on the next day, and he suddenly asked me, 'Well, but where are the things they're selling? Don't hear you say anything about warehouses—is it all on paper?'"

"I told him it was. He went away and was surprised to learn he couldn't find out all about Wall Street in twenty-four hours. Now, I don't know anything about astronomy, and if some one sat down and talked to me for a day or two I wouldn't expect to be a full-fledged astronomer."

Not Taught In College.

"Remember, too, that we have college courses in astronomy and history and biology to teach these sciences, but the science of stock speculation—well, that isn't taught, and when you find a man who can't read half million over night at it and call around to ask how he did it, does he stop to explain?"

"He does not. He dreamily recalls that he was out of town that day."

"These fellows aren't drawing diagrams for you. They are sitting up nights to keep the public from knowing what they are about. You are not going to catch up by asking them to be nice little boys and come down and tell all about it."

Case of One Congressman.

"Now, one bright Congressman, one of the brightest men in the House, came up and said he wanted me to start at 9 o'clock in the morning and go right through until 6 and tell him all about the stock market."

"I did, and we kept on the next day, and he suddenly asked me, 'Well, but where are the things they're selling? Don't hear you say anything about warehouses—is it all on paper?'"

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could be described in two or three books.

That is where the white fences are literally hidden in springtime by pink, crimson and rambler roses, a sight which many motor from Boston to see, and within those fences are the fancy stock, the conservatories filled with rare plants, and the parasol beds and finally the great, rambling house, which houses those elephants and many other strange fads.

Bronze Statuary One Fad.

Bronze statuary is one fad of his. Three of his finest pieces are in his office, at the Holland House, in Boston. Gerome's depictions of Caesar, and Frederick the Great and Washington. The elephants are all about the office, and the house, and they range in size from thumb nail proportions to those which are nearly 300,000 on it, and took so much money out of the pocket of the speculator.

Then there are his books, some of them special editions printed just for him. Once some officials of the German government visited Dreamworld. He organized a horse show for them, and in forty-eight hours he wrote and printed a handsome illustrated book descriptive of the farm, to give them as souvenirs.

His Odd Extravaganzas.

His extravaganzas furnish anecdotes in many a club. There was the \$30,000 he paid for the entire stock of a new variety of carnation, the Independence, a yacht he built for \$200,000 to defend America's Cup against Lipton, and which failed of its purpose, and then was broken into bits, and the time he went to Lexington, Ky., bought a horse for \$17,000, he sold it for \$100,000, and took so much money out of the pocket of the speculator.

Fixes Time of Murder.

"I called her at 3 o'clock, and she did not answer the telephone. I did not try to get her again, as I decided to send the tickets, which were for New Year Day. The murder must have taken place between those two calls."

Imber says the girl had told him of attempts to break open her mailbox, and he had advised her to have the Federal authorities look into it. It was learned yesterday that some one broke into her apartment about a year ago and took several letters. This and the fact that the diamond ring, which she had given to her father, was missing, led her to believe that a man formerly infatuated with her had tried to break with her, and, failing in that, had quarreled with and killed her.

SEVEN EAT SPARROWS

Pennsylvania Man Traps Birds When Meat Prices Soar.

READING, Pa., Jan. 2.—Anthony Furman, of Riverside, has a scheme of lowering the high cost of living. The packers may raise the price of meat 50 per cent once a month if they like, and yet the Furman family, two adults and five small children, will get meat at regular intervals. Furman's scheme is to get his meat right out of the air.

A Companionable Millionaire.

In his busy and varied life he also has found time to invent a substitute for playing cards, and one of his books is a baseball guide. "The Krunk; His Language and What It Means." Frankly an egotist, and declaring that he has one confidence in himself to achieve anything, and priding himself on being "a good enemy," he is the most companionable millionaire one would meet on a day's journey, and is never too busy to talk things over with any one who is interested in any of the score or more lines of effort that appeal to him.

SPARE WILLOW, IS PLEA

Needed for Making Wooden Arms and Legs, Say British.

An echo of the kickup in the wooden leg business abroad has just reached this country in the form of an appeal from the British government to conserve the willow as much as possible. Spare the willow from its original purpose of use in the manufacture of pedagogical order and substitute for it in every instance, if possible, the hickory, cherry or some other wood, says the appeal in substance.

"BATH HOUSE JOHN" A POET

Chicago Alderman Writes Verses to Celebrate Long Service.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—As an alderman, John J. Coughlan, known as "Bath House John," is a poet. In April, the bath will celebrate his twenty-fifth year in the Chicago city council.

As a mode of celebrating, the bath has written a poem. He'll read it to the city council, if he gets a chance. Here's some of it:

WILLARD SEES PROSPERITY

B. & O. President Sends Optimistic Letter to Employees.

A forecast of more prosperity for the stockholders and employees of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was made by Daniel Willard, president of the organization, in an open letter, sent to all officers and employees of the company.

He said that while the Baltimore and Ohio has suffered from the increased cost of living, there has been considerable amount of business done, and he believes charges to the public may be adjusted so that the full results accruing from the prosperity may be received.

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MODEL'S MURDERER COVERS HIS TRAIL

Missing Gift Ring From Wealthy Admirer Is Best Clue.

(Continued from First Page.)

who always knew where to find a good-looking girl for a party.

For the pretty girl who came to the city from the Northern Tier town of Kane, because her beauty was so great, she had a small town, had in the precincts of her career as a model, advertising model, manicure and model in artists' studios, become the close friend of scores of city men.

The name of a man of prominence in major league baseball was mentioned as one of her close friends, a man who gave her financial assistance. But this man was not called in by the police for an interview.

But the police learned something definite about the time of the murder. Harry J. Imber, called upon Captain Tate and said the Roberts girl had called him on the telephone between 11:30 and noon on Friday morning. That makes him the last person outside the murderer to talk to the girl. Imber had known the girl as Mrs. Grace Roberts for nearly six years.

Wanted Tickets for Fight.

"When we lived on Vine street west of Sixteenth she lived across the street," he said. "She was a passing acquaintance then. Later we moved to a place on Fifteenth street above Arch street, and she lived near us there. She called on me at my office and congratulated me on being elected a magistrate. She asked me some advice, and later she asked me to go to the boxing ring with her father and brother to go to the boxing at the Olympia."

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PLAN FIRST REHEARSAL

Mt. Pleasant Players to Give "The Devil."

The Mount Pleasant Players will begin rehearsal of "The Devil," their initial performance, early next week. The president of the organization, George De Franceaux, made this announcement today.

Numerous additions to the membership were made at the dance of the organization last night in the Arcade. New Year souvenirs were distributed and refreshments were served. Special dances were given by Master Sam Iden Thompson and Miss Jewel Hawkes.

MISS WOLF'S BRIDE OF BALTIMORE MAN

Hotel Rammel, at Alexandria, Is Scene of Pretty Wedding.

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 2.—The parlors of the Hotel Rammel were the scene of a pretty wedding yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, when Miss Hilda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wolf, of this city, and Milton A. Fine, of Baltimore, were married. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Nathan Wolf, of New York city, uncle of the bride. The parlors were attractively decorated, and music was provided by an orchestra.

The bride was attired in the gown in which her mother was married twenty years ago. She carried a Bible and a shower of lilies of the valley. Miss Sylvia Fine, of Baltimore, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Thelma Elchberg, of Washington, were the bride's attendants. Both wore gowns of yellow satin, trimmed with tulle, and carried bridesmaids' roses. Miss Irma, the little sister of the bride, was flower girl. Harry Fine, of Baltimore, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

A reception and dinner followed the ceremony. At the conclusion of their honeymoon trip through the Northern States Mr. and Mrs. Fine will reside in Baltimore.

Guests from out of town were: A. DeFranceaux, Albert Dreifus, and Miss Jeannette Dreifus, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Yetta Hackeater, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Gus Elchberg, Mrs. L. Bernheimer, Mrs. Laupheimer, Miss Stella Laupheimer, and Joseph de Young, of Washington; Miss Sara Blackman, Coatesville, Pa., and J. B. Colvin, Jack Wilmer, and H. Mortimer Kremer, of Baltimore.

A final decree of divorce was granted to Meta C. McIntyre from her husband, Archibald McIntyre, in circuit court yesterday, on the grounds of desertion.

Robinson Moncre and Walter U. Varney have been appointed receivers for the Alexandria Boat Club.

WANTS TO STAY IN JAIL

Acquitted of Murder Charge, Aged Man Shuns Freedom.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2.—Thomas Green, seventy-six years old, who was acquitted on December 18, in the Camden criminal court, on a charge of murdering James McDermott at the Camden county almshouse last April, where both were inmates, is still in the county jail and wants to stay there.

When Green was acquitted Attorney Joseph Beck Trier, his counsel, asked Sheriff Haines to permit the old man to remain a few days until he could plan for the future. Getting three meals a day in warm quarters and having plenty of time to play checkers, Green objects to being released, and wants to be convicted of carrying concealed deadly weapons so he can get a term in jail.

Green was an inmate at the alm